Cleo's Choice, Catra's Resolve, Connie's New Crush, and the Bubbline Hearing

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/25582351.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	F/F, F/M, Multi, Other
Fandoms:	Steven Universe (Cartoon), Cleopatra In Space (Cartoon), Samurai Jack (Cartoon), She-Ra and the Princesses of Power (2018), Adventure Time
Relationships:	Brian Bell & Khensu Kasaar & Cleopatra "Cleo" Philopator VII & Akila Theoris, Khensu Kasaar & Cleopatra "Cleo" Philopator VII, Cleopatra "Cleo" Philopator VII (Cleopatra In Space) & Steven Universe, Yosira & Cleopatra "Cleo" Philopator VII (Cleopatra In Space), Callie/Cleopatra "Cleo" Philopator VII (Cleopatra In Space), Cleopatra "Cleo" Philopator VII/Akila Theoris (Cleopatra in Space), Cleopatra "Cleo" Philopator VII (Cleopatra in Space) & Brian Bell, Mihos & Cleopatra "Cleo" Philopator VII (Cleopatra In Space), Lars Barriga & Padparadscha, Lars Barriga & Off Colors, Lars Barriga & Rutile Twins, Lars Barriga & Rhodonite, Lars Barriga & Fluorite, Connie Maheswaran/Steven Universe, Cleopatra "Cleo" Philopator VII (Cleopatra in Space)/Connie Maheswaran, Adora (She-Ra)/Pearl (Steven Universe), Adora/Catra (She-Ra), Adora (She-Ra)/Pearl (Steven Universe)/Catra (She-Ra), Princess Bubblegum/Marceline
Characters:	Khensu Kasaar, Cleopatra "Cleo" Philopator VII (Cleopatra In Space), Akila Theoris (Cleopatra In Space), Callie (Cleopatra in Space), Brian Bell, Yosira (Cleopatra in Space), Mihos (Cleopatra in Space), Samurai Jack, Lars Barriga, Fluorite (Steven Universe), Rutile Twins (Steven Universe), Padparadscha (Steven Universe), Administrant Khepra (Cleopatra in Space), Xerxs (Cleopatra in Space), Steven Universe, Connie Maheswaran, Adora (She-Ra), Pearl (Steven Universe), Catra (She-Ra), Princess Bubblegum, Marceline (Adventure Time), Bismuth (Steven Universe), Amethyst (Steven Universe), Garnet (Steven Universe), Officer Snarlepants (Original character), Chief Judge (Original character), Councilor(s) (Original characters)
Additional Tags:	Fantasy, Crossover Pairings, Yuri, Canon Lesbian Relationship, Lesbians in Space, Lesbian Catra (She-Ra), Canon Bisexual Character, Bisexuals in Space, Time Travel, Cleo doesn't know what a microwave is?, Indian Character, Comfort Food, Polyamory Negotiations, Original Character(s), Angst, Trials, Slow Burn, Canon LGBTQ Character, Open Relationships, Vegetarians & Vegans, Music, Empire City (Steven Universe), Chaptered, Podfic Welcome
Language:	English
Series:	Part 29 of An Unlikely Alliance Against Evildoers
Stats:	Published: 2020-07-29 Completed: 2025-05-13 Words: 9,886 Chapters: 4/4

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by lefemmerouge

Summary

One month has elapsed since the glorious victory over the evil tyrant, Octavian. The ship of Captain Lars, and the Off Colors, has been repaired, the Gem Army has been sent back to Homeworld, and the P.Y.R.A.M.I.D. scientists are working to return Jack to his home, so he can fight Aku. In the midst of this, Cleo feels she has a lack of purpose in life, even as she is having a great time dating her friend, Akila, who has lost interest in Brian. Khensu, now heading the P.Y.R.A.M.I.D. council, after the arrest of Kek and Khepra for their traitorous acts, gives her a choice: stay on Mayet with her friends or travel to Earth as an ambassador, where she can start anew and have new experiences. At the same time that she accepts Khensu's offer, three others (Pearl, Adora, and Catra) decide to stay behind. When she arrives on Earth, the friendship between herself and Connie continues to grow, with hints of the connection between them growing into much more in the future. Many months later, a hearing for Bonnie and Marcy, who traveled a year forward in time, is held in Empire City. One question remains: what will this hearing mean for Cleo, Steven, Connie, and the Crystal Gems, in the days to come?

Notes

I know that it's been 18 days since I've published a story, and I'm sorry about that! As always, comments are welcome. I never meant for the gap between the fics to be that long. To be frank, I struggled a lot with writing this fic and it ended up being one of my longest in a while, with a word count of over 9,000, or 17 typed pages in Word. I wanted to tie up loose ends from other parts of this fic series, bring in Bonnie and Marcy, two of my favorite animated characters, while also setting the stage for another fic series about Connie and Steven, either on this account or an affiliated account, I haven't decided yet. At the same time, RT stands for Rutile Twins, Pappy for Padparadscha, and the OCAC for Off Colors Astral Cruiser.

In any case, this series will be over soon, with one more fic left in the series, so I can end it with one more fic. I'm not going to say what that will be, but I can say that it will be really exciting! I hope it will be a nice end to the series.

Comments are welcome and appreciated.

Update on 5/13/25: In preparation for posting this on Squidge World, I divided this into chapters. This fic was, the same day, cross-posted on Squidge World with the same title.

When posting it there, I revised the text, which changes to dialogue, overwriting the previously flawed text, and adding it here, chapter by chapter. The original, non-revised, text can be read on Wattpad.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: Cleo's New Mission on Earth, Connie, and the Beach House

A month had passed since the battle with Octavian, the Xerxs, and Jack, the former Admiral. Cleo had fully explained to Akila what her kiss with Callie had meant, with Akila forgiving her for the transgression. Even though some may have expected that Akila and Brian would be together, due to the fact they went on a failed date to the planetarium, this could not be further from the reality. Although Callie and Cleo were not an "item," as to say, Akila and Cleo had become one, enthusiastically dating as Callie gazed on with dismay.

Everything appeared peaceful. The Gem army, previously commanded by Jack, had been sent back to Homeworld on the liberated *Trilliant Splitter*. Jack remained on Mayet, as P.Y.R.A.M.I.D.'s best scientists worked to assist him on getting back to his own time and place, hoping they could make progress. Brian had repaired the *OCAC* after working many long hours, even getting class credit for it! Kek and Khepra were stripped of their seats on the P.Y.R.A.M.I.D. council. Khensu had been selected as the next head of the council by a unanimous vote. One warm morning, Khensu called Cleo, who often slept in late, feeling she no longer had a purpose on Mayet due to her role as a savior coming to an end, even though she had a happy and burgeoning romantic relationship with Akila.

Her communicator buzzed. She moved toward it groggily. For her, having the conversation end speedily so she could continue to snooze through the rest of the day would be the *best result.* She saw Khensu on her viewscreen and guiltily laughed when answering him. "Hey, Khensu…what's up? Just sleeping in…since it's another *BORING* day on Mayet!"

Khensu groaned. He knew that Cleo likely believed that her life had little purpose since her role as the savior of the Nile Galaxy had been fulfilled. He continued to have confidence that she could complete the mission he had in mind for her. He then gave her the news. "You need to come by the P.Y.R.A.M.I.D. tower in Mayet City *at once.* We have an important task for you."

Cleo rolled her eyes. From her perspective, she hated being given *yet another duty*, imagining it would be extremely annoying, based on the other things he had given her to do after Octavian's defeat. During this conversation, she did not notice that Akila was no longer in the room, sleeping on the bunk above hers. She grumbled, expressing her aggravation with whatever this "task" entailed. "That's nice, Khensu, but I'm not sure if I'm up for *anything*…"

Before Khensu could say anything, Akila interrupted him and happily announced to Cleo what she would be doing. Her voice, which she had recognized, caught Cleo by surprise.

"You are going to Earth…girl! Pack your bags…it's *gonna be rad*!"

Cleo excitedly chirped and shot up out of her bed, declaring that she could get herself ready in a jiffy.

About 30 minutes passed. Khensu believed that Cleo was not coming. Even so, he held out hope, putting the council in a temporary recess until she arrived. Suddenly she walked in, struggling to carry a huge suitcase packed to the gills. She scanned the room and observed an array of smiling faces, from Yosira to Pearl, Adora to Catra, Garnet to Amethyst, Steven to Connie. Khensu spotted her, cleared his throat, and began speaking. "Cleo…you've finally made it. You will be traveling with the Crystal Gems to Earth…but it's…"

Steven continued where Khensu left off, trying to make it clear what she would be doing. He knew it would be hard for Cleo to leave her friends. But he had faith in her. "…different from the Earth you came from, which Khensu told us about. I mean, it's *still Earth*...but not the place you traveled through time and space from."

Cleo had a sad expression on her face and started to cry. She had thought she would be able to visit her dad, Gozi, and her friends, in Ancient Egypt once more. Perhaps she had been wishing for too much. Akila comforted her and Connie reassured Cleo she would lead her on a tour across Egypt. That lifted Cleo's spirits. She grinned while Khensu gave Cleo her assignment.

"Cleo, we of the P.Y.R.A.M.I.D. council are giving you a vital mission. We'd like you to be an ambassador for the Nile Galaxy on Earth. *Do you accept?*"

She considered Khensu's words carefully. She thought about the friends she had made at P.Y.R.A.M.I.D., how she adapted to this futuristic society, and what had been left in the "past." She sensed an opportunity before her to explore something new, make new friends, to relax and decompress after the traumatic experiences she endured in the Nile Galaxy. She turned in the direction of Khensu, staring up at all the council members, and replied to his question.

"Yes! I'd be overjoyed to go to 'Earth' as 'ambassador' as you call it. You have been a great mentor to me, Khensu. Akila and Brian have been wonderful friends…and Yosira, I always looked up to you as a role model. One last question: can I bring along Mihos?"

Khensu nodded approvingly. Pearl, Steven, Connie, and Garnet shrugged. Amethyst said, "sure, the little bugger can come. Mihos is welcome." That delighted Cleo. She spun around in glee. Steven announced that their journey to Earth would now begin, one person at a time. Lars leaned his head down so they could travel through his hair mane. Steven brought through Connie first. He assured her he would return shortly.

She gave him a peck on the cheek and swore she would gather more people to greet Cleo on Earth. Tears streamed down Akila's face and she hugged Cleo, wishing her "good luck," and promised to see her *sometime* in the future. Cleo smiled and told her, "I'd like that." Returning to Mayet, Steven followed the same pathway to bring Amethyst and Garnet through the hair-mane and out Lion's mane. When it came to Pearl, her words made him unhappy. "Steven, thanks for the offer, but I have to decline…me and Adora…and Catra...*need to work out some things first*. Come check on us in a month or so."

Steven respected Pearl's choice. Subsequently, Adora and Catra fell in line with Pearl's reasoning, categorically refusing to travel through the hair-mane. All that remained was Cleo herself. Before he held her hand, he picked up her suitcase, which weighed a ton, with Mihos

snoozing inside. Thanks to his enhanced strength, he easily carried it through, and deposited it on the other side of the Pink Dimension. Cleo was impressed. She clutched Steven's hand. As she left, she waved goodbye to Yosira, Brian, Akila, and others, like Lars, RT, Pappy, Rhodonite, and Fluorite, who had gathered in the council chambers. In the flash of an eye, Cleo traveled through a pink meadow and arrived inside an ordinary house, which Steven, his friends, and guardians called the "Beach House."

She rubbed her eyes, thinking, at first, that this was in a dream. This thought quickly faded away when she saw Garnet, Amethyst, and Connie welcoming her to Earth, as did a Gem named Bismuth. She could only hear Bismuth’'s voice since she was on tour as a drummer for Sadie Killer and the Suspects. She also had an undisclosed duty to protect the planet from off-worlders.

Cleo enjoyed a hearty meal with Steven, Connie, and the other Crystal Gems. The dishes served were a combination of foods that Steven, Amethyst, and Connie enjoyed. Connie, whose parents were born in Northern India, had some Nepalese ancestors. She took out some Navratan Korma, a mix of cheese and fresh veggies in a cream sauce, from the fridge, and Steven took the food out of the bubble using his Gem powers. She cooked it before they left for the Nile Galaxy over a month before, preserved in its previous state thanks to Steven's bubble. Amethyst threw together a rice pilaf and Steven retrieved several planet burgers from the freezer, an expression of his recent diet: vegetarianism.

Even though a refrigerator and electric lights *were not* out of the ordinary for Cleo, when Connie stuck the korma in the microwave, pressing a couple buttons (1-0-0), Cleo watched the oven intently. She had never anything like it before. Entranced by it, she tugged on Connie’s shirt and demanded an explanation about the machine. "…CONNIE! What's that device you are using to heat up that food? It's new to me."

Connie chuckled, as did Amethyst and Steven, motioning Cleo away, gazing into her olive-green eyes. Although Cleo had begun to annoy her a bit, she thought of this in a positive way, envisioning it as her first lesson to Cleo. She moved closer to Cleo, speaking softly at first, then progressively louder for emphasis.

"It's *a microwave*! It heats up food through the amount of moisture or water in something. That's how I think it works. It's great for heating tea and other hot drinks too."

Cleo was amazed. Similar to what she had said when she used a toilet for the first time, when arriving in Mayet, she responded with similar words, expressing her satisfaction. "Microwave you say? I like it!"

Following this conversation, Steven proceeded to use the microwave. The planet burgers had partially thawed on the granite countertop, the best surface for those who enjoyed cooking because hot dishes could be set on top without the surface bending out of shape from hot temperatures. A few minutes later, the Gems, Steven, Connie, and Cleo sat around a table and beginning eating the dinner which they had cooked.

Although it would have been lunch time if she had been on Mayet, the passage of time as a result of crossing the Pink Dimension, and distortion as a consequence of traveling through space-time, it meant that on Earth it was nighttime. Tired from her travels, Cleo began to

snooze on a couch in the living room, with Mihos around her neck. Steven went to his bed, slumbering next to Connie. Garnet and Amethyst went to their respective rooms.

Chapter 2: Luggage and Adapting to Earth

Chapter Summary

> Cleo is slowly adapting to her new life on Earth, which is nothing like what she went through on Mayet, entailing a whole new set of struggles, while she gets closer, literally, to Connie, something which she hadn't planned on.

Chapter Notes

> This was split off from the first chapter on 5/13/25 in preparation for cross-posting this on Squidge World.

The daylight shone across Cleo's medium brown-skinned face and very dark grayish violet hair. As the sunbeams reached her olive-green eyes, she woke up. Yawning, she walked sleepily toward the fridge and clutched the handle. She saw all sorts of food inside. Bags of sliced bread were familiar, but the white-painted cylindrical container with the label "Greek yogurt" puzzled her.

She grabbed it with one of her hands. The other closed the fridge door. Examining the carton closely, she carefully lifted off the top. Unsure of what contraption she would eat this whitish mystery substance with, she eyed a wooden spoon.

Rapidly taking a spoonful, she sat down on a wooden stool. Her lips puckered at the extreme tartness. Luckily for her, the journey through the pink dimension had not caused anosmia, or more accurately, ageusia. The strong taste of the yogurt this early in the morning caused her to fall onto the floor. Since her other hand still held onto the container, it fell with her. The yogurt tumbled out and onto her head and chest. Laying there annoyed, she groaned about how she "hated it" here, pining for Mayet. Coincidentally, Connie had gotten up to go to the bathroom.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Cleo's hair on the ground. Inquisitively, she approached. She saw Cleo on the ground, murmuring to her, "are you okay?" Cleo nodded. Connie helped her up, taking her to the bathroom, after setting the yogurt on the counter. She lamented that there would be less of the expensive yogurt. Greek yogurt was *one of her favorite* breakfast foods. She slowly closed the door and told Cleo to clean herself up.

The whole situation left Cleo in some shock. She poked her head out of the door and spoke softly to Connie, "I…uh…don't have a change of clothes with me…it's in my luggage…can you get it?" Grumbling, Connie acceded to Cleo's request. Unlike Steven, she did not have

super-strength. She could barely move the overpacked bag toward the bathroom. Straining herself, she barely moved it a couple inches before giving up.

Examining the bag, she spied a tightly wrapped bungy cord holding it together. Seconds after she unlatched the cord, she was thrown across the room. Cleo opened the bathroom at the right time and caught Connie in her arms. The two sides of the suitcase hit the floor with a huge bang, which awakened Steven with a start. Rubbing his eyes, he saw clothes and material spread across the house. Not seeing Connie next him and unsure what happened, he called out for everyone. "Connie? Amethyst? Garnet? Where are you all? We need deal...with *this situation*."

Garnet and Amethyst raced out of their rooms, noticing clothes and other material strewn across the floor. While Garnet and Steven, who had just woken up, began picking up shirts and pants, Amethyst scanned the situation, and knocked on the bathroom door. She called out. "Uh, Connie…are you in there? There something going on out here." Cleo tentatively opened the door, holding Connie on her lap, and then saw the clothes scattered about. She shook her head. Amethyst thought that Cleo and Connie were being very *forward* with each other. About to call out Connie for opening her bag, aware that no one else would have done it, Amethyst held Cleo's school uniform and commented on it.

"This is so cute, Cleo. Did you make this uniform yourself?"

Her face and body getting warm, as blood flowed to her face, her cheeks became a lighter brown. She stuttered a little and then breathed deeply, trying to avoid awkwardness the best she could, especially among people like Steven and his friends. "That's…uh…my school uniform, you see. I revised it to my liking, but...*I didn't* make it on my own, no…to answer your question."

Coming out of her daze, Connie touched her eyes. Since she had graduated from high school recently and enjoyed education in general, Connie's comment piqued her interest. Eager to hear about Cleo's school days, she made an impromptu exclamation. "School? Tell me all about that! I just finished high school…and *I love school*. It's so great."

Cleo turned up her eyebrows in astonishment. Connie was *not unique* in this belief. Akila, who loved to hang out in the school library and study, felt similarly. Sighing, she explained more. "Yeah, I went to some futuristic academy where they teach all sorts of subjects, have a cafeteria, places to live and all…I shouldn't have to explain this to you, Connie, *you were there.*"

Connie bobbed her head from side to side. She knew that Cleo made a good point, but she continued to ask about it anyway. "You are right, but after battling that evil guy and dealing with that brainwashed guy, I mainly stayed on the spaceship with Steven or strolled around Mayet City. I didn't spend much time in that place you called P.Y.R.A.M.I.D. Anyway, would you like to go to school *with me*?"

She sheepishly added, "…to visit my old high school, Beach City High...it's named BCHS for short. I'd really be glad if you'd come."

Cleo rolled her eyes but agreed to Connie's request. She tried to make nice, even if some of the things were annoying. Being on Earth was a new beginning for her. "Fine, Cal…Connie, I'll go *somewhere*…I don't want to go to school though. After leaving Mayet, I'd like to be done with school *for now*. I need to take a break."

Even though Connie did not recognize why Cleo called her "Cal," unaware of how the names "Callie" and "Connie" could be easily confused, she valued Cleo's effort. She hoped that Cleo would become her best friend. Whether that would transpire would be up to Cleo, Connie, and the other Gems on Earth.

An hour or so later, everything that had flown out of the suitcase had been folded and placed carefully on top of the couch where Cleo had slept the previous night. Cleo sat down at the table. Steven stuck some pieces of bread into the toaster and took planet butter out of the fridge, followed by taking a small butter knife out of the utensils drawer.

Cleo watched this closely so she could do the same thing the next morning. A couple minutes later, the toaster dinged, like it did every morning. He then spread the butter on the bread with the knife and poured a small glass receptacle containing a brown-and-white mixture onto the bread, then sliced the bread in half into four equal slices.

He walked toward Cleo, who cringed. She was wary of the food he had prepared for her. He snickered. "No reason to be afraid, Cleo. It's buttered toast with cinnamon sugar on top. Try it…it's great!"

Reaching out her hand hesitantly, she held onto a piece of toast and bit down. As she began eating more, her eyes opened wide. She had never tasted something so good! It topped the honey she gobbled up with intensity when living in Ancient Egypt or the exotic cakes on Mayet. She soon gobbled up the cinnamon sugar fingers. Connie and Steven were stunned. Amethyst was astonished, as was Garnet. Even so, they were all pleased to have her as a guest. In the past, they had welcomed Carmen, housing her for a temporary time, while she fought against a fake V.I.L.E. plan.

Adora had been their only longer-term resident, living at the Beach House with Pearl since her arrival in spring 2019. Adora often slept inside Pearl's room, an offshoot of the Crystal Temple, like the rooms of Garnet and Amethyst, which had beautiful waterfall and lake with various fountains. Pearl kept her prized collection of swords at the top of the highest waterfall, connecting to Amethyst's room, resulting in some of her swords occasionally landing inside. Even though Cleo did not serve as a replacement for Pearl or Adora, they respected her, *nonetheless*.

Connie pulled Cleo aside, inquiring if she would like to go clothes shopping, not reminding her about her former high school. She immediately shot down the idea and explained that exploring the world would be much more excited. Connie understood this and made a second proposal, which astounded Cleo.

"How about I let you borrow some of my clothes? I have some nice collared shirts and shorts. You school uniform is…nice…and I really think it suits you well…But, you aren't in space. You are on Earth now…why not try *something new*?"

Cleo considered Connie's proposition. She silently acquiesced to Connie that a new outfit would be the best course of action. When she came to the year 30,000 from Ancient Egypt, she had changed her school uniform, once she had been issued it, to make it her own. *I should do the same thing again*, she told herself. Sighing, she carefully chose her words. "Sure, Connie, I'd like that…I still need to make some modifications…so it can be my own."

Connie smiled. She rapidly replied with a few choice words. "Sounds good to me! Let's go to my house. Hopefully, my parents aren't there."

Steven yelped. He wanted to come along, but Connie laughed him off, saying this was a "girl thing." As he began to cower, Cleo saw an opening. She cleared her throat and shouted. "STEVEN, of course, *you are welcome*!" Connie shook her head, facepalmed herself. She grumbled, spitting out one word, "fine." She thought this could be a time to *be alone* with Cleo. If she revealed that she had a crush on Cleo to Steven, she believed it could confuse him and cause his angry pink aura to return. She could not remember if he had caused havoc in a Tokyo store against those who wanted bento boxes or whether that had been a dream. In any case, she *feared* telling him the truth.

As they walked across Beach City, Connie and Steven saw familiar faces. Some of the town's residents like Bill Dewey, Peedee Fryman, and Ronaldo Fryman wave. Steven smiled back at them. Just before they reached the bus stop, Cleo, who hid a sleeping Mihos in her pocket, hit Connie and Steven on the back in a friendly manner. "You wanna walk? Ha. Just hop on my hoverboard…because *I'm awesome like that*…next stop…Connie's house! Hold on!"

Chapter 3: Getting Close to Connie and the Weird Hair Portal

Chapter Summary

> Cleo begins to get even closer to Connie, beginning a new dynamic between them, and Steven expresses a surprising view, while a strange hair-portal appears in Cleo's head, creating a whole new set of possibilities... and problems.

Chapter Notes

> This was split off from the first chapter on 5/13/25 in preparation for cross-posting this on Squidge World.

Connie grasped Cleo around the waist, while Steven encircled his arm around her waist. They sped through the streets so fast that it made Connie and Steven dizzy. Even so, Connie still could make out their surroundings well enough that she could give Cleo the correct directions to the house. Thanks to this, they reached the door of Connie's home in record time. Unfortunately, Cleo stopped abruptly, throwing all three of them into the air. Cleo somehow caught them and descended to the ground softly. Connie muttered under her breath, "let's *never* do that again."

She unlocked the front door and felt relieved. She said hello to her mom, Priyanka, and dad, Doug, before she realized they were sitting on the couch, surprising her beyond belief. They were so consumed by their work that neither noticed that the door had opened or that she had talked to them. As Steven slipped up to Connie's room, Cleo accidentally bumped into a badly placed dresser, causing her to trip and fall.

As blood rushed to Connie's cheeks, making them lighter brown and warmer than before, she froze in place in fright. At the same time, Cleo groaned about her injuries. Doug and Priyanka hopped up. Priyanka lent a hand and asked if she was okay, with Cleo responding, "I'm fine, don't worry about it."

Realizing that Cleo likely covered up her pain, Doug went to the freezer to get an ice pack. Gazing at Connie wild-eyed, Priyanka cheerfully chirped. "Is this a new friend? I always LOVE to meet your new friends, snookums"and then messed with Connie's hair. For Connie, this could not get *any more embarrassing*.

She decided to accept it for now and pointed to Cleo dejectedly. "This is Cleo. Meet my… mom and dad." Cleo shook their hands, while she held the ice pack on her left leg with the

other hand. Since she knew that their presence made Connie uncomfortable, she tried to end the interaction as soon as she could. "Nice to meet you both."

Connie followed up on this by placing her arm around Cleo and telling her parents that she had to go to her room. They waved back at her, shouting, "nice to meet you Cleo! Come by anytime!"

Steven sat in the room and hugged Connie at once. He had overheard everything. Before she could say anything and explain what had occurred, Cleo blurted it out. "We talked with Connie's parents after I tripped over some wooden contraption…one of them gave me an ice pack and the other…appeared to be nice too…You have nice parents, Connie…*unlike mine*… who are gone…forever."

Steven and Connie stared at Cleo with sad eyes, sitting crisscross on the floor, clearly wanting a story. She rolled her eyes after noticing them there. She bobbed her head side-to-side. She decided that being completely truthful with them seemed to be the best possible approach.

"I don't know even know where to begin my story. I'll tell what I remember. I was born in a place called Egypt and my dad was King Ptolemy. *I don't remember* my mother well, but I definitely had one…Anyway, long story short, I was a princess who lived in a palace and had a bunch of people waiting on me…*I loved it*. One day, when shooting rocks from a slingshot with my friend Gozi, the burial ground accidentally collapsed, revealing a secret tomb. I pulled Gozi inside and touched a tablet which began glowing pink…suddenly, a portal opened and I was transported 30,000 years in the future, to this other cave…where I met Brian and Akila…I had to run from these robots who were shooting at me…I escaped them, but not before Brian shot me with a gun so I could have this neural translation net on my face...we traveled in this spaceship, where they told me I wasn't in a dream…and had been transported through time and space…Later, I arrived at Mayet and spoke to this council of cats…and the rest is history…until I got here, of course."

Steven and Connie smiled, even though her storytelling abilities were *clearly subpar.* Just then, Connie murmured that she had to excuse herself so she could go to the bathroom. As she left, Steven inched closer to Cleo. He whispered in her left ear something that caught her off guard. "I've been Connie's friend for years and recently her boyfriend. She has the hots for you. I can tell just from her face and expressions when she is around you. It's okay if you too *have a fling* or relationship, I wouldn't mind. I'm *totally for* open relationships with multiple people. Just know that. Connie is for that too…I can promise you that."

Like the time when Callie confessed that she had a crush on her, Steven's comment dumbfounded her. Connie listened to the whole thing from the bathroom and waited for when Cleo would admit her feelings. Even though she did not do that, she did say how much Connie meant to her, even though they had only met less than two days before.

"That's great, Steven, but…I don't think of her that way at this point. I mean, I met her, you, and the other Gems not long ago. That's *too soon* to form any meaningful romantic attachment. I *do like girls*, I mean, I dated that fish-girl, Akila, you probably remember her...and I may have had some feelings for the mean girl, Callie. I'm not sure. Even so, I am

thankful for what you, Connie, and everyone else did, aiding me in fighting Octavian. I foolishly thought I could take him on alone…but I was wrong. So, thank you."

As Cleo turned her head, a tear came streamed down Connie's face. After hearing everything, she opened the bathroom door and ran toward Cleo, shouting "can I hug you?"

Cleo softly answered with a "yes!" Connie kept sprinting her direction, sliding onto the ground, coming into an embrace with Cleo. Not sure how to respond, she clasped Connie around the chest with her arms. Connie mouthed two words, "thank you." Steven started to tiptoe away. Connie motioned him to come back, reminding he was part of her life too. In a friendly gesture, which Cleo accepted, Connie kissed her on the cheek. Steven tried to do the same, but Cleo moved a little, causing him to *accidentally* kiss her hair, causing him to crawl back. He stuttered and stumbled rearward, bowing his head in shame. "I'm sorry, Cleo…I didn't mean…"

Cleo interrupted him, as her arm disappeared into a portal coming out of her head. She pulled out her arm quickly and let out a loud squeal of extreme terror. Something that had gone wrong. Connie had put on a white noise machine after they came into the room, so her parents did not hear Cleo. She demanded answers about what he did to her hair. "Steven! My arm disappeared *into my head*. What is going on? What did YOU do?"

Scratching his head, he could not figure out what was talking about. By contrast, Connie comprehended what Cleo meant without hesitation. She sighed and told Cleo the truth. "If this is like what happened to his friend, Lars, your hair became a portal of some type, which you can only access...I think that's *kinda cool* actually."

Steven questioned Cleo, wondering if had permission to prove Connie's hypothesis right. Cleo resigned herself to it, approving his request on the condition he not "mess with" anything. He consented to her terms, swearing to not damage *anything* inside her portal world.

Entering Cleo's head-portal, he saw a vast grassland with several small pyramids on several hills. He held his breath for a second until he realized he could breathe normally. The land, appearing to go on forever like the pink dimension, had a bubble of some type around it, allowing normal breathing. It fascinated him. He snapped a couple pictures with his phone and left in hurry. Flying out of her portal, he caught his breath. He took out his phone and showed her some of the pictures he had taken. As she leaned down to examine his photos, her crown fell to the ground. Suddenly, Steven's phone fell inside. Another portal had been created: inside her crown!

This mystified her, Steven, and Connie even more. She swore she would retrieve his phone from inside this *new* portal. She stepped into this new portal and grabbed the phone. Her eyes were filled with wonder. To think that a simple kiss could have created all this made her respect Steven even more. Connie and Steven gave her confused looks. She squeezed Steven, thanking him for creating something which was so beautiful.

He proposed a second theory. "Connie had it right that I created a portal...my Gem abilities must have mixed with the fact you traveled through time and space 30,000 years into the future, giving you that pink power. And the portal was created from that, a mix of both

worlds, as to say." Even though it could be connected to the *new* hair portal, that was only possible through a wormhole or something similar. As such, she could be in the Pink Dimension without the portals colliding and erasing her from existence. Simply put, the fact she traveled through time combined with Steven's pink powers and created her portal.To be more specific, the portal in her hair could be called her *hair-portal* and the portal in her head could be called her *crown-portal*. She preferred the former to the latter, as she couldn't get into the hair portal.

Cleo partially understood and thanked him yet again. He waved and told them he had to get going, wishing them well. Cleo smiled and waved back. As he walked out of the room, Connie reminded Cleo why she had come there in the first place: to get/create *a new outfit.*

She pulled out some of favorite clothing, one of which was an intricately woven orpiment-and-azurite striped, and linen dress, a kalasiris of sorts. It came in colors reminiscent of Cleo's Ancient Egypt. Cleo picked up the dress in awe and asked if she could try it on, something which Connie accepted, only pointing a finger to the bathroom.

A few minutes later, Cleo came out announced herself. "Ta-da! What do you think?"

Connie smiled and stuck her thumb up. She let drop her thoughts on the dress. "It looks… GREAT on you, Cleo! Still, that may be a little too formal, making it hard to maneuver around in…let me get something else for you. How about you try on some blue jeans, a t-shirt or maybe a blouse?...how about that, Cleo?"

Connie's response disappointed her a little. Playing along seemed to be the best approach. She took a t-shirt, blouse, and blue jeans with her to the bathroom. Like before, when she came back, Connie had the same answer. Cleo lamented that the white t-shirt had no markings on it, saying that she would prefer something more colorful, even though she liked the blue jeans. Connie told her that she could tie-dye her shirt later.

When Cleo raised an eyebrow over it, curious about what she meant, she vowed to explain it to her later. Discarding the blouse, complaining about its frills, she grasped a couple other pieces of clothing, like a grey turtleneck and some black sweatpants. Connie told her that she did not have to go to the bathroom this time but could change in the room itself. Flabbergasted by this, she saw Connie spin around the other way, with her back facing her.

While the sweatpants were a little baggy, the turtleneck was tight-fitting. Through her crown-portal, she called out to Callie, soliciting her aid with trying on the clothes. Tentatively, Connie turned around, only to see an almost half-naked Cleo in front of her, her head stuck in the turtleneck, in part because of her crown. At first, she tried to avert her eyes. Seeing someone, especially a person she had a crush on, partly naked made her uncomfortable.

She set aside these feelings. Breathing deeply, she scooted over to Cleo and examined the turtleneck. She saw that the crown had gotten in the fabric. She began with one simple question: "can I take off your crown?"

Cleo shot back. "Yes…but don't damage it! Be incredibly careful with it! It was once my mother's." Connie understood. She removed the crown and laid it on a nearby table. She implored Cleo to try putting on the shirt again. She had some success, but now it was stuck

around her head. Instead of making Cleo struggle again, Connie posed another question. "Can I try something? You'll have to close your eyes for this one. I don't want to hurt you."

Cleo, afraid of what Connie might do, assented with the proviso that she be gentle. Picking up a pair of scissors from a desk drawer, she walked over to a Cleo, crouched on the floor, and began cutting into the padded color, creating a slice in the front. She did the same for the right side, left side, and the back. She called for Cleo to try slipping the garment on over her head again. This time it worked, and it slipped down to her neck. She then slipped each of her arms into the sleeves. She thought that this style did not suit her like what she normally wore. In front of Connie, she began taking off the sweatpants, with Connie's mouth wide open and aghast.

Cleo let out a laugh and teased her. "Oh, Connie. You already saw my chest, so seeing my legs is *nothing different*. My girlfriend, if I could call her that, saw it all the time. So, its okay for a second…if it in a secluded area."

Cleo's openness took Connie aback, and she shook her head. "I get what you are saying, but we only met…I want to give you privacy...in the future, we can have this discussion again, if you want." Cleo could accept those terms. She pulled up the blue jeans and examined it in combination with the turtleneck with a collar sliced in four areas. This matching of the top and bottom still did not appear right.

After telling Connie to it was "safe" to turn around, wanting her advice on this fresh look. Connie thought that Cleo had it right to dislike the outfit and suggested that she try the t-shirt again. A few minutes passed. While she disliked the t-shirt, she had a wild idea: to rip off the sleeves. This did not bother Connie, who had eight other white shirts.

While looking at Cleo, she accidentally bumped a pen off the desk which sparkled in the sunlight. Cleo pointed at it, wanting answers about this mysterious writing implement: “Connie, what’s that?” She explained that it was a sparkle pen, each of its strokes making a glittery pattern. This really excited Cleo. She demanded something else: "Draw on me! Print my name! Make it snappy!"

This confused Connie even more, whose face got hot, as blood flowed to her cheeks and she froze in place. Realizing that her words had caused discomfort, Cleo clarified. "No, no...silly, I don't mean *literally* draw on me. I mean on this t-shirt. Write something like 'Cleo rules.' I think it would be awesome to have that with that pen on this shirt. It would make it SO much better. It really would! Can you *PLEASE* do it?"

Connie assented and began writing the first word, starting with the C, then the L, followed by the E and O. Luckily she had not centered the word and she snickered a little, adding the letters P-A-T-R-A to the first line, followed by C-O-M-I-N-G on the second line, with two words on the third line: A-T and Y-A-!. This shirt had the catchphrase that Cleo herself had coined when at P.Y.R.A.M.I.D., yelling it one day when she sped across the campus on her hoverboard. "Cleopatra, coming at ya!" Examining her work in the mirror, she deeply enjoyed it, thanking Connie for her work on it. Connie then told Cleo she could keep all the clothes she tried on, making Cleo even happier. After telling her that she should leave and go back to the Beach House, she clung onto her arm and *began crying a little*.

"I don't want to go back. It's so boring there. They are trying to be nice and all, but I don't feel at home there. *Can I stay here with you?* You could keep your bed. I'd be okay with sleeping on the floor, if I could sleep on something comfortable on top of it...and Mihos will behave himself."

This turn of events made Connie internally squeal with joy. On the surface, she grinned and gave Cleo a hug, telling her that she was "always welcome."

Steven called her afterward, asking about Cleo, wanting to know if she would be coming back to the Beach House. Connie told him the truth, that she would be staying the night. Steven beamed and wished her the best on "improving your *friendship* with Cleo." As the sky began to get darker, Connie opened the window, with the cool breeze rushing in, and they sat together, watching the sun go down.

Chapter 4: The World Court, a Candy Princess, and a (Former) Punk Rock Vampire

Chapter Summary

Months have past, with Connie taking a gap year and Cleo becoming more of a fixture, but is becoming bored with life in Beach City. Suddenly the first trial of the World Court of Justice is about to be held, with its results changing everything herein, not just for Connie and Cleo but for everyone in more ways than they could expect.

Chapter Notes

This was split off from the first chapter on 5/13/25 in preparation for cross-posting this on Squidge World.

Update: Updated on 10/14/25 when I posted the "Charter of the World Parliamentary Assembly" fic document on here for the first time.

Months past. The late cold of winter turned into the warm days of spring. Connie was taking a gap year after graduating from Beach City High School the past fall. Even so, she still worked on her college applications while Cleo became more of a fixture, despite the fact she was unsure what to do with her life. Cleo had become utterly bored with Beach City and everything around it, refurbishing the portal dimension. Connie wanted to do something new. Steven began video chatting with them. What he said fulfilled their desires, but not in a way they expected.

"Connie…and uh, Cleo. I'd like you to come to Empire City, in the Empire State, as soon as possible. We picked up these two women in Yokohama after the planet's missile defenses shot them down…they will be questioned by World Court of Justice in a few hours…it's the first new test of this court and I'm excited. I'd like you to sit in."

Connie raised her eyebrow. He felt disappointed, unsure she could fulfill his request. Cleo then piped in as she had a huge smile on her face. "I can take her there! I have *my hoverboard*…I've been using it every day and I'm really skilled with it. If that's all right with you, of course."

Steven gave his consent and Connie accepted it. Having on the shirt Connie had decorated for her, she put on the turtleneck with the sliced collar over top, and blue jeans, along with her

trademark crown. Connie wore her casual late spring clothes. Closing the door of her room, they slipped down the stairs and out the front door.

Her parents were at work, so they could not bother either of them. Since she had begun rooming there, the parents had been a bit of a pain, but Cleo had gotten used to it. Cleo took out the hoverboard from her crown-portal with her hand and placed a helmet around her head. Preparing for this occasion, she handed Connie a bike helmet. She strapped it tightly around her chin. She gave Connie one pointer: she needed to hold on tight.

The hoverboard sped out of Connie's neighborhood and along the road. While Cleo could have gone faster, she did not want to hurt her precious new friend, Connie. Empire City was far away. To get there quickly, one had to travel through the States of Delmarva and Jersey, both neutral states, before reaching the glittering city. Luckily, at this time of day, early in the morning, vehicle traffic remained light, making their travel smooth and without any hiccups.

In no time at all, they entered the Empire State and Empire City itself. The trick was finding *where* the "questioning" of the two unidentified women, that Steven talked about, would occur. Cleo slowed the hoverboard to a crawl as she intently searched for *any sign* of World Court of Justice, while Mihos poked his head out of her pocket, enjoying the adventure. Unfortunately for them, the hearing has already begun.

Under the rules of Appendix B of the *Charter of the World Parliamentary Assembly* (WPA), the statue of the court, this court was composed of a group of 38 independent judges (Articles II & III) which had to be approved by 2/3 of the members of the Universal World Assembly (Article IV) and had six-year-terms (Article V). Their members were disallowed from exercising any "any political, administrative, or professional function" which interfered with the court's functioning (Article VIII). The court was also, according to the appendix, headed by a Chief Judge elected by the court's members, who serves a four-year-term, while the court could "appoint other officers such as a Registrar, Scribe, and Secretary, as needed" (Article XI).

The quorum of the court was 20 members (Article XIV) and it had the ability to split into one or more chambers to "deal with particular types of cases," sometimes determining cases by "summary procedure" (Article XV). The court's jurisdiction only applied to Member States of the WPA (Article XVIII), with the court relying upon "worldwide convention, customs, and general principles of law" to make its decisions (Article XVIV), with Parties in cases represented by agents, whether advocates or counsel (Article XXI). All cases were public "unless otherwise stated" (Article XXIII).

In this case, however, they were only holding a hearing and giving an advisory opinion on a legal question, a power which was granted them under Article XXVII. The advisory opinion had been requested by the Earth Defense Force (EDF), a WPA organ "tasked with defending the Earth from threats from within and outside the solar system."

A gavel hit the table. The court's 20 members, naming themselves Councilors for this hearing, sat behind a desk, all wearing long robes and covering their faces, along with voice distorters, to further conceal their identities. The hearing had begun, whether Cleo or Connie were there to witness it or not.

"I, Chief Judge of World Court of Justice, call this hearing on the Yokohama incident into order. We have assembled witnesses to come and testify before our panel, which has been hastily assembled. As a reminder, we will give an advisory opinion on this issue, but our ruling is *not binding*. We call Officer Snarlepants, the officer who apprehended the two beings which entered Earth's airspace, with their craft shot down by EDF defenses, in for questioning."

The officer approached the table where a microphone was ready for him, as was a glass of water in case his mouth became parched. They respected their witnesses. The Chief Judge began the questioning.

"Officer Snarlepants, can you please describe, for the record, what occurred yesterday, June 9, 2020?"

"Certainly. The Earth Defense Force or EDF has a sworn duty, as enshrined in Chapter IX of the WPA Charter, to defend the planet from threats whether within or outside the solar system. What happened yesterday was an extension of those obligations. Under the authority granted to the EDF in Article 34, we had a rapid response unit ready to face the perceived threat. At 13:00 hours, our systems detected an unidentified object about to enter of Earth airspace. We attempted to contact the craft, but our efforts were *unsuccessful*. As the ship continued its approach, the EDF troops, exercising our Article 35 authority, fired the planetary defense systems at the craft. As a result, the ship was shot down and crashed in Yokohama, a city in the state of Japan. While a team had been dispatched to the location, our operators contacted neighboring states to inform them about the incident. When the squad of EDF personnel arrived at the scene, they discovered a damaged ship and two unconscious people. While the persons were transported to a nearby hospital, where local medical personnel attempted to treat them. One of these individuals appeared to be comprised of a gooey pinkish substance as malleable as melted candy and called themselves as 'Bonnibel.' The other had greyish skin and shied away from the sunlight. The being identifying themself with the name of 'Marceline.' We brought them *both* here today for this hearing, in order to be transparent with the peoples of the world about this incident."

The Chief Justice and the fellow councilors scratched their chins, fascinated, and interested, by the testimony of Officer Snarlepants. One of those on the panel asked a further question in hopes of clarifying the Yokohoma incident, as they called it, a bit more. "Mr. Snarlepants, you said that a team found the crashed craft in Yokohoma and you extracted those aboard, bringing them to a hospital. Were there any weapons or tools aboard?"

The officer cleared his throat and drank part of the glass of water. He knew what he was about to say may scare people even more. He had a responsibility to give a *full explanation.*

“Councilor, on board this ship, a spacecraft of an unknown, origin, we found a number of materials, all conveniently labeled. All were futuristic beyond what any of us had ever seen. Our technicians classified the items within the craft, which we have brought here: the 'Ball Blam Burglerber,' the 'Electrode Gun,' the 'Googoomamameter,' and a 'Tea Robot.' There was also a chest with the label "candy seeds," a device which looked like a video camera, a music-playing device, a blueish transforming object apparently a phone, and a number of musical instruments."

The councilors considered his testimony and decided to not pursue any other inquiries. He had given them enough information at this point. The Chief Judge began speaking again, their voice booming across the room, almost making the ground shake. "Thank you, Mr. Snarlepants. That is all the questions we have currently. If you don't mind, we would like the items you found on the spacecraft to be available for examination by the members of this panel on the Yokohoma incident. Mr. Steven Universe, before this panel began, you told our members that you have vital information on this case. Please explain."

Steven scanned the room for Connie and Cleo but did not see them. He hoped they would be there. He decided to continue anyway, hoping to clear up any misunderstanding.

"Thank you for inviting me, councilors and Chief Judge, to this panel. I am as eager as you are to resolve this case and find the underlying cause of this issue. As a person who helped build institutions like the World Court of Justice and others within the World Parliamentary Assembly system beginning over a year ago, I'm excited to see this all play out. Let me tell you what *I know*. While I was not here when the two individuals you have brought before this panel crashed in Yokohama, I remember over a year ago, on June 14, 2019, to be exact, when my friend Lars, now in the Nile Galaxy, encountered a mystery ship. It was, from what I can gather, piloted by the two people you have before this panel. From what Captain Lars told me, they fought a ship in an intense dogfight which went across the Earth's surface. They mysteriously disappeared, originally in the orbit of the planet, and after that point, I confronted Lars about his actions. That's the general summary of what happened. My friends Pearl and Adora once saw the individuals that are here today. Would you like to talk to them? I ask because Captain Lars is unable to attend, as he is still exploring the Nile Galaxy under an agreement with the newly created Off-World Exploration and Contact Committee to be Earth's Ambassador."

The Chief Judge and councilors pondered his proposal. Around the same time, Cleo and Connie walked into the room. Connie waved to Steven. She whispered. "Sorry we're late… but traffic in Empire City was heavy today." Steven nodded and accepted her apology. Connie and Cleo sat on chairs in the front row, ready to watch the panel intently.

Cleo did not care about this as much as Connie, as it seemed a bit dry and dull to her. The Chief Judge announced the decision that they and the councilors had made together. "Mr. Universe, we have decided to accept your request. If you could obtain the two persons you speak of and bring them hear post-haste, *that would be wonderful*. They are not obligated to come but tell them that we would welcome their testimony."

Steven, who had left out some parts of his story when speaking to the court, followed their suggestion. He stepped into the hair-mane of Lion, saying he would be back in a "short-bit." The Chief Judge then slammed his gavel onto the table. He announced something which put everyone at ease. "In light of the testimony by Mr. Universe, the panel is hereby in recess until he returns with the persons 'Pearl' and 'Adora.' Thank you."

Sitting in her seat, bored out of her mind, Cleo hoped for some excitement. Otherwise, she predicted her eyes would glaze over as yawned even more. Suddenly, Steven reappeared with Pearl and Adora, dressed in snappy suits. Catra, who had wanted to remain in the Nile

Galaxy because she did not want to attend a "silly trial" as she put it, had not cared enough to change her clothes. She sat down next to Cleo as she grumbled about this "absurd excursion."

The gavel hit the table once more. The Chief Judge called the panel back to order. They requested Pearl and Adora to sit behind the table in the designated chairs, which were set aside for witnesses. Once they had sat down, the questions and queries would begin. One of the councilors started off. "Ms. Pearl and Ms. Adora, you have been informed by Mr. Universe about the circumstances of this panel. I would like each of you to recount what happened on June 14, 2019. Ms. Pearl, if you could start off, that would be great."

Pearl cleared her throat and began speaking. "Certainly. I was visiting the capital of Rizalia, Manila, with my girlfriend, Adora, where we met our good friends Lapis and Peri. At one point, we saw a huge spaceship chasing another one across the landscape. It looked like Adora was in danger, so I fired my shotgun at one of the ships. In the process, I became injured. Being a good person, Adora tended to my wounds. From what I recall, the ship turned around and dispatched a medical kit, with a handwritten note and a photo of the two people piloting the ship. Later, we talked to Steven, Lars, and others about it… I wish I still had the photograph, but I gave it to Lars. So, he has it somewhere. However, I *still* have the letter if you'd like me to read it."

The Chief Judge nodded and gave his consent for her to read it. She did so, and it revealed a lot about their motivations for coming to the planet:

> *Dear Peach-Haired Woman and Blonde-Haired Companion,*
>
> *I'm sorry to have caused you any trouble. A ship is chasing us, but we don't want to harm anyone, whether here or in space. We are from a far-flung planet…and came to this blue planet of wonder to check on one of the colonies of my people from the great Candy Kingdom which landed on your planet surface. We wish you both the best. As a small act of gratitude, we are sending you this first aid kit accompanied by a photo of me (with the pink hair) and my girlfriend, Marceline (with the nightshade black hair) and a cool guitar. We apologize for any inconvenience we may have caused you.*
>
> *Yours truly,*
>
> *Princess Bubblegum*
>
> *P.S. Marceline sends her love.*

The councilors were glad that Pearl shared this information, but they still wanted to know more. Neither were aware that Lars had given the photograph of Bonnie and Marcy to Melty on Gargantia as a parting gift by accident. Hearing from Adora would inform their ultimate advisory opinion. "Ms. Adora, do have any additional testimony which builds on what Ms. Pearl talked about?"

Wanting her appearance before the panel to end soon, she spurted out some words, without much thought. This is because she liked to improvise, even as she also liked planning (and strategizing), part of the reason that Adora and Pearl were together in the first place. "My partner described it pretty well, to be honest. I can confirm that everything she said *is correct*.

Furthermore, I recognize the two individuals here today as the ones me and my partner saw about a year ago. That is all I have to say at this time."

The councilors would have liked to hear more. Despite this, they were glad that she and her partner had attended. After Adora and Pearl took their seats in the audience, there were two remaining individuals who needed to give testimony: Bonnie and Marcy. A person, resembling a bailiff in a trial setting, brought them out of containment unit where they had been detained during the hearing and to the table. Barely with it and a bit woozy, they sat down in two chairs. The Chief Justice probed them for information. "Ms. Pearl, Ms. Adora, Mr. Universe, and Mr. Snarlepants have given their testimony. Is there anything else either of you would like to add?"

Marcy held Bonnie's hand tightly, as she spoke to the panel. She hoped to get them out of this situation as soon as she could. This situation made each of them nervous in separate ways. "The words that have been spoken here today are *completely accurate*. The letter that I wrote over a year ago is the clearest statement of our purposes for coming to this planet. We did not mean and did not intend to harm anyone. We only came to check up on a candy colony in a place you call Yokohama, with the candy seeds sent there from the Land of Ooo, on a world in ruin, our homeland. If you could allow us to examine the site, that would be appreciated. We don't want to be burden to anyone."

Like they had with Steven's offer, the Chief Judge considered what Bonnie had to say. The gavel hit the table with a loud bang. They announced a short recess in order to deliberate and make their final advisory opinion. Bonnie, Marcy, Cleo, Connie, Steven, Catra, Adora, and Pearl waited in anticipation. This case would be the *first test* of the world justice system.

The councilors, still in their long robes, came out. The Chief Judge stepped forward and announced the opinion of the court, regarding Marcy, Bonnie, and the so-called Yokohoma incident:

"Spectators, witnesses, and people of the world. We have come to a unanimous decision. We recommend the two individuals be discharged *into the care* of Steven Universe and the Crystal Gems at their home in Beach City. All the materials gathered from their spacecraft should be sent to the same location. From the testimony given here today, it is clear they are no threat to anyone. We also do not object to these people being allowed to visit the site in Yokohama for scientific purposes. Nothing should interfere with their examination of the site. That is all and we hope that the EDF follows our suggestions. Thank you."

As the councilors stepped away from their chairs and filed out a back door, the Commander of the Earth Defense Force stepped forward. She revealed herself to be Bismuth. She read a short proclamation which agreed, and accepted, the court's opinion. "We are pleased to see this result from the World Court of Justice and accept the opinion. We will honor the opinion and ensure it is implemented. That is all."

Steven chuckled as he offered to give everyone a ride to the Beach House on Lion. He knew that the court had not been comprehensive, because Lars, Utena, and Anthy could have all provided testimony, as could have any of the Off Colors. Strangely, they were not called to testify, which seemed weird to him. Even so, he saw this panel as successful.

Although Cleo *would have* used her hoverboard instead, she agreed to go with him. Pearl, Bonnie, Marcy, and Connie rode on the back of Lion. Steven stayed inside the Pink Dimension with Cleo, Catra, and Adora. Since Cleo's crown-dimension (i.e. the crown-portal) was ingrained in her crown and not directly tied to the Pink Dimension, she could stay inside without a problem. All four were in a bubble together. Lion ran forward as quickly as he could toward the Beach House, where they could be together peacefully, at last.

Later that day, all eight of them arrived at the door of the Beach House, completely exhausted. The panel, which had begun early in the day, had lasted until the late afternoon. Lion did not arrive at the house until the evening. Steven laid down at once and fell straight asleep. Connie, used to being with Cleo, felt herself torn, and decided to stay on the couch with Cleo.

Pearl and Adora retired to Pearl's massive room, as did Catra *reluctantly*. Bonnie, tired from the time travel and the grueling day of being questioned by a group of faceless and nameless beings, collapsed on the ground with fatigue, while Marcy floated above her, ready to comfort her in the trying times that lay ahead. Amethyst and Garnet came inside to find everyone sleeping and moved into their rooms, ready to make their *big revelation* the following day.

The path forward had many difficulties. It could serve as a new beginning for Cleo, Bonnie, Marcy, Catra, and everyone else in the house, as each person worked out their problems in the days to come.

End Notes

In this story, I used "Cleopatra Philopator VII (TV)" page from the Cleopatra in Space fandom site for some details about Cleo and "Pearl's Room" page from Steven Universe fandom site. Otherwise, I just used my accumulated fan knowledge and general knowledge. I'm excited about my next fic series. I'm not going to say what it will be yet, but I will note that it will be centered around Adora, Catra, Entrapta "Apta," Glimmer, and Bow. Back to the story, calling what Steven ate "planet burgers" was a mistake at first, but I decided to keep it for laughs and giggles, as its obviously a nod to "plant burgers," with the same being the case about "planet butter," a nod to "plant butter."

I am also teasing here that the Bento Brawl actually happened, my silly one-off story I wrote not that long ago. I purposely used gender-neutral pronouns to describe the Chief Judge as to hide their reveal in the next fic. As an additional note, I ended up making the panel like a psuedo-court, and it would have been better if I had based it on congressional hearings or something. Oh well.

Finally, I used bugger here to not mean sodomite, but a small and annoying thing, to be clear. I looked through what other people have tagged Bubbline and Conniverse fics, while discovering that I'm the only one who is writing Adora/Pearl fics. I probably am the the first person to have an Adora/Pearl/Catra relationship tag, with them likely in a poly relationship together.

I originally titled this fic "Pax Cleopatra and the Departure of Heroes," but felt that was too limiting, so I came up with the current title instead.

Update on 5/15/25: I got a comment from a bot which was really nasty and awful. If I get other terrible comments like that, I will change the permissions so that only registered users can comment. Maybe I should use their words for what a villain should say in a story or something?

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!